YORICK's SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, CONTINUED.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Mr. STERNE.

By EUGENIUS.

The THIRD EDITION,

With Large ADDITIONS, and CORRECTIONS.

VOL. III.

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PREFACE.

THE following ſheets are not preſented to the Public as the offspring of Mr. Stérne's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this Continuation of his Sentimental Journey, from ſuch motives, and upon ſuch authority, as he flatters himſelf will form a ſufficient

ficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the Second Volume concluded, ſeemed forcibly to claim a ſequel; and doubtleſs, if the author's life had been ſpared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which ſubſiſted between Mr. Sterne and the Editor, gave the latter frequent occaſion of hearing him relate the moſt remarkable incidents of the latter part of his laſt journey, which made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he thinks he has retained them ſo

per-

perfectly as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's ſtile and manner; but how far he has been ſucceſsful in this reſpect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be conſidered as complete; and the remaining curioſity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at leaſt be gratified with reſpect to facts, events, and obſervations.

The reader will not, probably, be diſpleaſed to find in this place, ſome account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Sterne.

He was the ſon of an Engliſh Officer, who had a command in the Army, and who was ſtationed in Ireland at the time of his ſon's birth, which happened in the city of Clonmel. Young Sterne remained in that kingdom till he was about twelve years old; and there, it is ſaid, received the firſt rudiments of his education from the kindneſs and friendſhip of a Lieutenant, who was in the ſame corps with his father. This Lieutenant, whoſe name was *Le Fevre*, he has immortaliſed by a moſt beautiful Epiſode in *Triſtram Shandy*. But Mr. Sterne was not without relations in the Church, as his great-grandfather was an archbiſhop,

biſhop, and his uncle the prebendary of a cathedral. He was brought up at the univerſity of Cambridge, where the vivacity of his diſpoſition very early in life diſtinguiſhed him.

For ſome time he lived in a retired manner at Sutton in the foreſt of Galtrees, a ſmall vicarage in Yorkſhire, and probably would have remained in the ſame obſcurity, if his lively genius had not diſplayed itſelf upon an occaſion which ſecured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion. A perſon who filled a lucrative benefice, was not ſatisfied with enjoying it during

his own life-time, but exerted all his intereſt to have it entailed upon his wife and ſon after his deceaſe. The gentleman that expected the reverſion of this poſt was Mr. Sterne's friend, who had not, however, ſufficient influence to prevent the ſucceſs of his adverſary. At this critical time Sterne's ſatirical pen operated ſo ſtrongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would ſuppreſs the publication of his ſarcaſm, he would reſign his pretenſions to the next candidate. The title of this piece, it appears, was to have been, "The "hiſtory of a good warm watch-"coat, with which the preſent "poſſeſſor

" poſſeſſor is not content to cover " his own ſhoulders, unleſs he " can cut out of it a petticoat " for his wife, and a pair of " breeches for his ſon." The pamphlet was ſuppreſſed, the reverſion took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the intereſt of his Patron, with the Prebendaryſhip of York.

Mr. Sterne was about this period in the coffee-houſe at York, when a ſtranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, conſiſting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by deſcanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocriſy of the clergy. The

young fellow at length addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Sterne, aſking him what were his ſentiments upon the ſubject; when, inſtead of anſwering him directly, he told the witling that *his dog was reckoned one of the moſt beautiful pointers in the whole county, was very good-natured, but that he had an infernal trick which deſtroyed all his good qualities.* — *He never ſees a clergyman* (continued Sterne) *but he immediately flies at him.* "How "long may he have had that "trick?" — *Sir, ever ſince he was a puppy.* The young man felt the keenneſs of the ſatire, turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time Mr. Sterne was poſſeſſed of ſome good livings, having enjoyed ſo early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton in the foreſt of Galtrees, where he uſually performed divine ſervice on Sunday-mornings; and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the Prebends of York, in which capacity he alſo aſſiſted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament of the Church, till his Rabelaiſian ſpirit, which iſſued from the preſs, immerſed him into the gaieties and frivolities of the world.

His

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his two firſt volumes of Triſtram Shandy made their appearance. They were printed at York, and propoſed to the Bookſellers there at a very moderate price: thoſe gentlemen, however, were ſuch judges of their value, that they ſcarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices which are often practiſed to put off an edition. A large impreſſion being almoſt inſtantaneouſly ſold, the Bookſellers were

rouzed

rouzed from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchaſe the ſecond edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne ſold it for ſix hundred pounds, after being refuſed fifty pounds for the firſt impreſſion and proprietorſhip.

The firſt two volumes of Triſtram Shandy were now in every body's hands. All read, moſt approved, but few underſtood them. Thoſe who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant ſatire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced Triſtram Shandy d——d clever. A few who pretended to judge

for

for themſelves, were ſtaggered at the aſteriſks, and diſappointed with the digreſſions; and even the Reviewers themſelves were ſurprized into an elogium upon our author, though they afterwards recanted. They recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the preſent race of noveliſts; adding, his characters were ſtriking and ſingular, his obſervations ſhrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was eaſy and genuine.

The publication of theſe two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great

great repute. He was conſidered as the Genius of the age: his company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay; and it was conſidered as a kind of honour to have paſt an evening with the author of Triſtram Shandy. Though ſome of the over-rigid clergy condemned this ludicrous performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which ſhould ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; theſe cenſures were far from being univerſal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication, were in many reſpects advan-

advantageous to him. Among others, the Earl Fauconberg ſo particularly patronized the Author of this work, that to teſtify his approbation, he preſented Mr. Sterne with the perpetual Curacy of Coxwold, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

His next publication conſiſted of two volumes of Sermons, which the ſevereſt critics could not help applauding for the purity and elegance of their ſtyle, and the excellence of their moral: but at the ſame time, the manner in which they were

uſhered

uſhered to public notice, was ſeverely, and perhaps juſtly condemned. Having in his Preface acquainted the Reader, that "The "ſermon which gave riſe to the "publication of theſe, having "been offered to the Public as a "ſermon of Yorick's, he hoped "the ſerious reader would find "nothing to offend him, in his "continuing thoſe two volumes "under the ſame title;" this very apology was conſidered as an additional inſult to religion; and it was aſked, "Would any "man believe that a preacher "was in earneſt, who ſhould "mount the pulpit in a Harle-"quin's coat?"

When

When the third and fourth volumes of Triſtram Shandy made their appearance, it muſt be acknowledged, that the Public was not ſo eager in purchaſing and applauding them, as they had been with reſpect to the firſt two volumes. The novelty of the ſtile and manner no longer remained; his digreſſions began to be tedious, and the meaning of his aſteriſks, which by this time had been pretty clearly pointed out, were by many conſidered as too groſs and indelicate for the eye of chaſtity.

He had nevertheleſs a great number of admirers; and he

was

was encouraged to publiſh a fifth and ſixth volume. Their ſatire was ſtill poignant, ſpirited, and moſt frequently extremely juſt. The characters, though ſomewhat *outré*, were lively and in nature. He conſtantly caught the Ridiculous, wherever he found it; and he never failed to preſent it to his readers in the moſt agreeable point of light. His ſtory of Le Fevre was highly finiſhed, and truly pathetic; and would alone reſcue his name from oblivion, if his Sermons were not conſidered as ſome of the beſt moral diſcourſes extant.

The ſeventh, eighth, and ninth volumes have not yet compleated that work; ſo that what was ſaid upon the publication of his firſt volumes, has been verified: "Mr. "Shandy ſeems ſo extremely "fond of digreſſions, and of giv- "ing his hiſtorical readers the "ſlip upon all occaſions, that we "are not a little apprehenſive he "may, ſome time or other, give "them the ſlip in good earneſt, "and leave the work before the "ſtory be finiſhed."

In the above-mentioned volumes, Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces ſome ſcenes and characters

ters which are afterwards taken up in his Sentimental Journey, particularly that of Maria: ſo that this may in ſome meaſure be conſidered as a continuation of the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy.

A very good judge of literature hath given his opinion of the Sentimental Journey in theſe words: "His laſt work may "be conſidered as his greateſt; "ſince it contains a variety of "agreeable pathetic deſcriptions, "in an eaſy ſimple ſtile, cleared "from much of the obſcenity and "levity which debaſe the former "volumes."

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and tho' he acquired ſome thouſands by his productions, being a character very diſtant from an œconomiſt, his ſavings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other ſupport but the ſingle vicarage of Sutton. But when we conſider his travelling expences abroad, the genteel manner in which he lived at home, and the large income he allowed his wife and daughter, who now reſided in France, we cannot wonder that he left but little behind him. This being the caſe, at his death, his widow

widow and daughter, a young lady about nineteen, who had both reſided for ſome years in France, returned to England, in order to publiſh his poſthumous works. Being at York during the Races, a ſubſcription was opened in their favour by the princely bounty of the Marquis of Rockingham, which amounted to near two thouſand pounds.

The difference which ſubſiſted between Mr. Sterne and his wife for ſome years, has been differently accounted for. The Lady complained of infidelity to her bed; the Prebend apologized for this ſeparation, on account of her tem-

per, which he averred was insupportable. Perhaps these two causes united might produce the effect.

The Ladies, however, so far from testifying any dislike to their residence in France, are now returned to that country, where, I believe, they design to pass the remainder of their lives.

It is with great pleasure that the Editor of this work informs his Readers, that the report, which he mentioned in his last Edition, of Mr. Sterne's body being taken up after its interment, and carried to Oxford as a subject for

for the Lectures of the Anatomical Profeſſor in that Univerſity, is totally void of foundation.—It is true, that about the time of Mr. Sterne's death, a body which died in a very conſumptive and emaciated ſtate, was diſſected by Dr. Parſons at Oxford, in the courſe of his Lectures;—and one of the young Gentlemen who attended them, thought it would be *a good joke* to propagate a report, that the Profeſſor of Anatomy was reading Lectures upon Triſtram Shandy. This, I have every reaſon to believe, is the truth;——and that Yorick's bones have remained undiſturbed in the grave where they were firſt laid.

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The Editor thinks he cannot conclude this Preface with more propriety, than by ſubjoining the character of Mr. Sterne, as drawn by himſelf under the name of Yorick.

" This is all that ever ſtaggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, ſeemed not to have one ſingle drop of Daniſh blood in his whole craſis: in nine hundred years, it might poſſibly have all run out:——I will not philoſophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would,

would, the fact was this: — that inſtead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours, you have looked for, in one ſo extracted; he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and ſublimated a compoſition, as heteroclite a creature in all his declenſions; with as much life as whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindlieſt climate could have engendered and put together. With all this ſail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballaſt; he was utterly unpractiſed in the world; and, at the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping unſuſpicious girl

girl of thirteen: ſo that upon his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of ſomebody's tackling; and as the grave and more ſlow-paced were oftenеſt in his way, ——you may likewiſe imagine, 'twas with ſuch he had generally the ill luck to get the moſt entangled. For aught I know, there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of ſuch *fracas*: — For, to ſpeak the truth, Yorick had an invincible diſlike and oppoſition in his nature to gravity; — not to gravity as ſuch; — for where gravity was wanted, he would be the

moſt

moſt grave or ſerious of moral men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war againſt it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his way, however ſheltered and protected, he ſeldom gave it much quarter.

" Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would ſay, that gravity was an arrant ſcoundrel; and he would add, of the moſt dangerous kind too, becauſe a ſly one; and that he verily believed, more honeſt, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods

goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and ſhop-lifting, in ſeven. In the naked temper which a merry heart diſcovered, he would ſay, there was no danger——but to itſelf; whereas the very eſſence of gravity was deſign, and conſequently deceit; 'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more ſenſe and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretenſions, it was no better, but often worſe, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, viz. A myſterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind; which definition of gravity Yorick, with great

great imprudence, would ſay, deſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

"But, in plain truth, he was a man unhacknied and unpractiſed in the world, and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh on every other ſubject of diſcourſe where policy is wont to impreſs reſtraint. Yorick had no impreſſion but one, and that was what aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of; which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate into plain Engliſh without any periphraſis, and too oft without much diſtinction of either perſonage, time, or place; ſo that when mention

was

was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding, he never gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his ſtation, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter; but if it was a dirty action, without more ado, the man was a dirty fellow, and ſo on: and as his comments had uſually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *Bon Mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with ſome drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave wing to Yorick's indiſcretion. In a word, though he never ſought, yet, at the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhunned, occaſions of ſaying what came uppermoſt,

permoſt, and without ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jeſts about him.——They were not loſt for want of gathering."

EUGENIUS.

YORICK's SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

CONTINUED.

INVOCATION.

I Invoke not the airy Spirits of the Jeſuit DOMINIQUE, who play pranks in Colleges, or dance on the beams of the moon; nor the blue-

eyed Maids, daughters of Memory, who kneel at thy font, and drink thy hallowed wave, O Arethuſe! no, nor the Youth of Heaven, Apollo, with his yellow locks and his golden lyre! Not them, but Thee, O YORICK!——Hear me.—And thou wilt hear me: 'Tis the voice of a Friend that intreats thee: 'tis thy own EUGENIUS who calls.

Delightful Humouriſt! thine were unaccountable faculties. Thy Muſe was the Muſe of joy and ſorrow,—of ſorrow and joy. Thou didſt ſo exquiſitely blend fancy with feeling, mirth with misfortune; thy laughter was ſo laughable, and thy ſighs

ſighs ſo ſad; that—thou never waſt, never wilt be equalled.—Thou hadſt the KEY OF THE HEART.—Lend it to a Friend.

O YORICK, hear me! *Half* thy work is left unfiniſhed, and *all* thy ſpirit is fled.—Send part of it back. Drop one remnant of it to a Friend.

Sweet Player on the Paſſions! Whether thou leaneſt on thy elbow, at the foot of a myrtle, dreaming of thy own ELIZA; or quaffeſt nectar with the rampant Gods; or ſhakeſt thy head at Rabelais, or thy fiſt at Smelfungus; or laugheſt at Swiggenbergius with his fifty fo-

lios, or weepeſt with Clariſſa's bard; whatever thou doſt, think on what thou haſt left behind thee.—They are thy own *Travels*, Yorick!—Thy own EUGENIUS, too!

THE CASE OF DELICACY COMPLEATED.

—CAUGHT hold of the Fille-de-chambre's——

" What?" ſays the critic.

Hand.

" No, no, a plain ſubterfuge, " Mr. Yorick," cries the Caſuiſt. " Yes, 'tis, indeed, but too plain," ſays the Prieſt.

Now I'll venture my black ſilk breeches, that have never been worn but upon this occaſion, againſt a do-

zen of Burgundy, ſuch as we drank laſt night—for I mean to lay with the lady—that their worſhips are all in the wrong.

"'Tis ſcarcely poſſible," reply theſe ſagacious gentlemen: "the "conſequence is too obvious to be "miſtaken."

Now I think, that if we conſider the occaſion—notwithſtanding the Fille-de-chambre was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and ſcarce twenty—if we conſider that ſhe would naturally have turned her front towards her miſtreſs, by way of covering the breach occaſioned by the removal of the corking-pins

—it

—it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever exiſted, to point out the ſection my arm muſt have formed to have caught hold of the Fille-de-chambre's.

But we will allow them the *poſition*—was it criminal in me? was I apprized of her being ſo ſituated? could I imagine ſhe would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *ſhift only*, upon ſuch an occaſion?

Had ſhe, indeed, been as much diſpoſed for taciturnity as my Pariſian Fille-de-chambre, whom I firſt met with her *Egaremens de Cœur*, all would have been well: But this loquacious *Lionnoiſe* no ſooner felt my

hand than ſhe ſcreamed like a ſtuck pig. Had it contained a poignard, and had I been making an attempt upon her life as well as her virtue, ſhe could not have been more vociferous—*Ah monſeigneur!—Ah madame! Monſieur l'Anglois—il y eſt! il y eſt!*

Such repeated exclamations ſoon brought together the hoſteſs and the two voiturins; for as they thought nothing leſs than bloodſhed was going on, their conſciences would not let them remain abſent.—The hoſteſs, in a trembling ſituation, was imploring St. Ignace, whilſt ſhe croſſed herſelf with the greateſt ſwiftneſs. The voiturins had forgot even

even their breeches in the hurry, and therefore had a leſs claim to decency in appearance than myſelf; for I had by this time jumped out of bed.

After the firſt teſtimonies of ſurprize had ſubſided, the Fille-de-chambre was ordered to explain the cauſe of her outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into the inner room. To this ſhe made no reply, but had preſence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat into the cloſet.

As the explanation reſted upon her, and ſhe was unwilling to make it, I ſhould have eſcaped all cenſure

of

of ſuſpicion, had I not, moſt unfortunately, in my toſſing and tumbling in bed for want of reſt, *played the deuce* with the buttons of my black ſilk breeches. Now this was unravelling the whole plot at once, and unravelling it with a vengeance—for the ſtipulated article of the breeches ſeemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I ſaw the Piedmontoiſe Lady's eye catch the object: and mine purſuing the courſe of her direction, I beheld — and bluſhed—I bluſhed, Eugenius! and looking at nobody, while every-body was looking at me, I ſlunk away, like a guilty thing as I was, and covered myſelf

ſelf and my black ſilk breeches under the bed-cloaths.

Now, gentle reader, if thou haſt any fancy, figure to thyſelf a poor unlucky devil, in ſuch an unlucky ſituation.—A Lady, timid and trembling, lay panting on my right hand, and a clamorous *Licnnoiſe* on my left; on my front, a hoſteſs in a tattered garment, and two voiturins without boot or breeches—whilſt I ſtood in the middle, in my breeches, unbolted, unbarricadoed—By Heaven, it was time to bluſh! The Lady perceived my diſtreſs, and pitied me. Turning ſuddenly about, therefore, ſhe waved her hand

hand to the hoſteſs, and ordered breakfaſt immediately.

Upon this ſignal our viſitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE

THE NEGOTIATION.

AS the ſecurity of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for ſome time, the Piedmontoiſe Lady, like an able negociator, armed herſelf at all points, before ſhe reſumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dreſs, as well as addreſs;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric inſurmountable. But here comes the *caffé au lait*, and I have ſcarce time to huddle on my things.

At BREAKFAST.

Lady. I wonder not, ſir, that the miſunderſtandings between France and

and England are ſo frequent, when your nation are ſo often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bleſs me, madam, recollect yourſelf. It was ſtipulated by the third article, that Monſieur might ſay his prayers;—and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your Fille-de-chambre, by her extraordinary, and as yet unintelligible outcries, threw me into the moſt untoward ſituations I ever encountered.

Lady. Pardon me, ſir, you have infringed upon every article, except the firſt, which was dictated by external

ternal politeneſs;—but even here the barrier ſtipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your ladyſhip will pleaſe to obſerve, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourſelf, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, ſir, the breeches?

Yor. There, indeed, madam, you touch me to the quick.—I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occaſioned you to lay violent

violent hands upon my Fille-de-chambre.

Yor. Violent hands, madam!—I touched her but with one hand; and a jury of virgins, madam, could have brought it in nothing more than chance-medley.

After this congreſs, a new treaty was entered into, by which all poſſible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked fille-de-chambres, unlucky breeches, &c. &c. &c. ſo that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could

could not have been done with more political circumſpection; nor could one have thought it poſſible to have been evaded, either by deſign or accident.

A PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

O Nature!—whatever ſhape thou doſt put on;—wherever thou appeareſt, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or in the parched ſoil of the burning Tropics, ſtill thou art lovely!—ſtill ſhalt thou guide my footſteps as I journey on my way!—With thy aid, the life allotted to this weak and ſhattered fabric ſhall be rational and juſt.—The gentle emotions which thou doſt inſpire, as it were, by an organiſed congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel, and inſtruct me to participate, another's woes.—

I am

I am led by thee to ſympathiſe with diſtreſs, in whatever corner of the world it may hide its mournful head; — and to experience the warmeſt glow of ſatisfaction at my heart, when I behold the felicity of my fellow creatures.

My brow then ſhall be ſerene as it was wont to be, and the haſty troubles of an hour ſhall not throw a cloud around it. — Spleen was made as a ſcourge for the Hypocrite, and not for me. I fear no alarming hours: — no! — they paſs by my cottage to aſſail the Miſer's gates, and make him tremble at the inſtability of bolts and faſtnings. — Reflect, thou miſerable Be-

ing, on the greater inſtability of life itſelf.—Ere a few years,—nay, ere a few hours have fled away, all may be at an end with thee.—While theſe uſeleſs heaps are thine, apply them to the divine purpoſes of charity. Behold—the needy and the broken-hearted are ſighing around thee!

Could my prayers prevail, miſery would be baniſhed from earth, and every month be a vintage for the Poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

SOME nice, over-rigid Prieſt, for many ſuch have I found wherever my fate has led me;—I ſay, ſome nice, over-rigid Prieſt might tell me, that if my prayer had preceded the negotiation with the fair Piedmontoiſe, the buſineſs would have gone on the better for it.—For once, perhaps, he might be in the right, or perhaps not:—but it is no matter.

My life hath been a tiſſue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of Fortune after a whimſical but

not unpleaſing pattern: the ground is light and chearful, but the flowers are ſo variegated, that I defy any weaver of fancy in this or any other kingdom to make any thing like it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius!—Yes, my friend, within theſe two days I'll embrace thee at the Hotel de Saxe, though the lovely Piedmontoiſe ſtands almoſt irreſiſtable before me, and beckons me another way.

THE CONFLICT.

"THEN I will meet thee," ſaid I, "fair Spirit, at Bruſſels! "—'Tis only returning from Italy "through Germany to Holland, by "the route of Flanders." What a conflict between love and friendſhip! Ah Madame de L——! the Remiſe door hath ruined my peace of mind.—The Monk's hornbox recals you every moment to my ſight;—and thoſe eyes, which view thy fair form in fancy, realize a ſtream that involuntarily flows!

If ever I wiſhed for an inflexible heart, callous to anxiety, and equally inſenſible to pleaſure and to pain, 'tis now: but this is blaſphemy againſt the religion of ſentiment; and I will expiate my crime—by paying the tribute which friendſhip demands of me.—I will yield to my affections, though they ſhould lead me to my grave.

THE CASE OF FALSE DELICACY.

WHEN I had embraced this reſolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmontoiſe Lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into as far as Turin. If any part of our former connection had the appearance of being infringed upon, the incidents and accidents which occaſioned the ſeeming infraction, might in ſome meaſure palliate the circumſtances;—but here is a direct violation of our ſecond treaty, that

that was ſo religiouſly ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be conſidered as culpable for the renewal of a war, after a *definitive treaty of peace*, conſidering the many unforeſeen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open!—Whilſt I was in this ſoliloquy, ſhe entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harneſſed.—Eugenius, if a bluſh be a mark of innate modeſty, or ſhame, and not of guilt, I will confeſs to thee, that whilſt my face was crimſoned o'er with the tinge of conſcious impropriety, my tongue faultered, and refuſed its office.—"Madam," ſaid I, "a letter"—and here I ſtopt.

She

She ſaw my confuſion, but could not account for it.

"We can ſtay, Sir, till you have "wrote your letter."—My confuſion increaſed;—and it was not till after a pauſe of ſome minutes, when I ſummoned to my aid the powers of reſolution and friendſhip, that I was able to tell her, "I muſt be the "bearer of it myſelf."

Didſt thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to aſſiſt thee? What then were thy feelings, whilſt thou waſt viewing the agitations of his muſcles, the terror or compaſſion of his eye; or ſinking

ſinking the tender emotions of the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious ſneer, he aſked thee,—"What ſecurity?"—Or, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadſt laviſhed all thy wiſhes, hopes, and joys; when having at length marſhalled thy reſolution to declare thy paſſion, catching her eyes at the firſt opening of thy ſoul, thou ſaweſt indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil, and already armed for thy deſtruction:—Then, Eugenius, figure to thyſelf the beauteous Piedmontoiſe collecting all her pride and vanity into one focus, and glowing

glowing with all the ardor of female reſentment.

C'eſt la politeſſe Angloiſe; mais cela ne convient pas à des honnêtes gens.

"This is Engliſh politeneſs; but "it ſhould not be exerciſed upon de- "cent people."

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fatal ſway, or what you will, ſhould the incidents of my life, the wayward ſhades of my canvas, draw upon a whole nation ſuch an imputation?

'Twere

'Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoiſe! But thou art gone, and may the hours of the happy be ever thine!

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had compleated his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expence back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by ſo ſhort a poſt, and that he would moſt probably find ſomebody there deſtined to Turin. No;—he was as obſtinate as the mules he drove; and there ſeemed a congeniality of ſentiment between them,

them, which might perhaps be aſcribed to their conſtant acquaintance and converſation. All my rhetoric, all my reaſoning, made as little impreſſion as the excommunications and anathemas religiouſly and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy againſt the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length conſented, and with my uſual philanthropy began to impute this thirſt of gain ſo univerſally prevalent, to ſome latent cauſe in our frame, or to ſome inviſible particles of air which we ſuck in

in with our firſt breath, as ſoon as we are uſhered into the world, with a ſcream of diſapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY OF EXISTENCE.

"THE ſcream of diſapproba-
" tion at the journey we
" are compelled to perform." This conceit pleaſed me, and I not only thought it new, but applicable to my preſent ſituation: ſo getting into the chaiſe, with a ſmile of complacency at the mules, who for once ſeemed to have conferred all their perverſe diſpoſition on their driver, I revolved in my mind ſome ſtrange unconnected concluſions from the premiſes of my conceit.

If then, ſaid I, we are forced upon this journey of life; if we are brought into

into it without our knowledge or conſent; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous concourſe of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-ſtopper—a gooſe, or a monkey—why are we accountable for our paſſions, our follies, and our caprices? I know, Eugenius, thou wouldeſt tell me, that we are not anſwerable for having paſſions, but for the ill conduct of them.—The kind Being who implanted them in our frame to animate and enliven it, gave us the power at the ſame time of making them ſubſervient to our real happineſs.——And thou wouldeſt add withal, whenever, my dear Yorick, a man reaſons againſt his paſſions, be aſſured that he is the ſlave of them.

MARIA.

UPON my arrival at Moulines, I enquired after this diſconſolate maid, and was informed ſhe had breathed her laſt ten days after I had ſeen her. I informed myſelf of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a ſtone to tell where ſhe lay.

However, by the freſhneſs of ſome ground which appeared to have been lately removed in a corner of the church-yard, I ſoon diſcovered her grave.—Need I tell my Reader, that I ſat me down upon it, and ſhed a flood of tears?—But I am a very child

child in theſe matters; and if he has a grain of humanity, he will not laugh—but pity me.

There are but five trees in the church-yard, and one of them is a wild Roſemary. As if the ſcene of Maria's death was decreed to be as romantic, and as ſimple, as the ſcene of her life; her grave is within three feet and a half of this tree; which waves its branches over her head with a ſlow and gentle motion. Not far from that three wild marigolds had juſt begun to languiſh, and a pied daiſy was opening its leaves on the green ſward that lay over her breaſt. Add to this, that the old monaſtery of St. Jaques terminated

the proſpect on the other end, and threw in ſeveral additional ſhades to the picture. Now, whether it was that the place had thrown me into a melancholy mood, or that the mood had made the place appear melancholy, I know not: but what between the wild roſemary and the three marigolds—the pied daiſy and the monaſtery of St. Jaques—the whole together had the moſt forlorn and ſorrowful air I had ever ſeen; and you would ſwear that you heard the ſpirit of the gentle Maria ſighing among the branches of the roſemary, and ſaying, *This ſpot is ſacred to Innocence and to Miſery.*—This call was too ſerious not to liſten to it; ſo making two ſteps towards it, I

bleſſed

bleſſed the roſemary, curſed the withering marigolds, and, wetting the daiſy with my tears, bade it bloom o'er the ſweeteſt maid that ever died of a broken heart. This was a tribute to Virtue: it was alſo a ſacrifice to Misfortune.

Alas, ſweet maid, thou art gone! —but it is to be numbered with the angels. Thy heart was very weak; but its burdens were very heavy—ſo they broke it. — Shame on the world! it took no part in thy ſorrows.—Thy ſighs did rend no boſom but thine own, and thy bread was never moiſtened but by thy own tears. Thy cup of bitterneſs was full, too full to hold, and it hath

run over into eternity.—There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the ſweets, the pureſt ſweets of immortal felicity.

The Vicar of the pariſh, who was alſo a poet, declared the day before I arrived (as they informed me), that "it was not in his power to give a "*Stone* to Maria, but he would give "an *Epitaph* — ſuch as he had he "was willing to give—if any body "elſe would give the one, he would "give the other." This was as fair a promiſe as a poor Vicar could well make; ſo I went to thank him for it. He ſhewed me the Epitaph he intended for Maria, when he could get a partner to carry the other part

of

of the ſcheme into execution; and I liked it ſo well that I copied it into my pocket-book—where it ſtill lies.—So that if any of your Lordſhips, or of your Worſhips, have a mind to raiſe a ſtone to the memory of a hapleſs maiden, who deſerved it, *come to me for the* EPITAPH.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

WHEN I had taken a laſt look of poor Maria's Grave, I returned to my chaiſe, and having thrown myſelf penſively into one corner of it, I fell into a train of thought on the happineſs and miſery of mankind—but I had not long indulged myſelf in this contemplation, when I was ſuddenly interrupted by the claſhing of ſwords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered the poſtillion to ſtop; and getting out, haſtened to the ſpot from whence the noiſe iſſued. It was with ſome difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The

The firſt object which preſented itſelf to my view was a handſome young man, who appeared to be expiring in conſequence of a wound he had juſt received from another not much older, who ſtood weeping over him, whilſt he held the bloody inſtrument of deſtruction reeking in his hand.—I ſtood aghaſt for ſome moments on ſeeing this melancholy ſpectacle. When I had recovered myſelf from the ſurpriſe into which it had thrown me, I enquired the cauſe of this bloody conflict; but received no other anſwer than a freſh ſtream of ſorrow.

At length, while he wiped away the tears, which ran like fountains down

down his cheeks, he ſaid, with many deep ſighs, with a ſigh he uttered, "My honour, Sir, compelled me "to the deed; my conſcience con-"demned it:—but all remonſtrance "was vain, and through the boſom "of my friend I have pierced my "own heart, whoſe wounds will "never heal." Here a freſh guſh of woe iſſued from a ſource of ſorrow which ſeemed inexhauſtible.

Here (ſaid I) is another buffet for a poor man's heart that has been well buffeted already!—When will this end?—It is but ten minutes ſince I eſcaped from one hole, and now am I fallen plump into another.—Yorick, Yorick, thou waſt born

to

to carry a good load of your own ſorrows on your back, but it ſeems you muſt take thoſe of others into the bargain.——Well, what's the matter here?

"It is a point of Honour, Sir."

Honour! What is this phantom which men call Honour, that wounds where it ſhould heal,—and adminiſters a poiſon where it ſhould apply a balſam?—It is the child of Faſhion, and plays with the weakneſs of our nature to our undoing.—Under the influence of its mother, it dares uſurp the venerable forms of Reaſon and Juſtice to deſtroy the firmeſt bonds of Friendſhip and

and Love.—Domeſtic happineſs falls a woeful ſacrifice to it, while a parent's heart bleeds over a ſlaughtered ſon.—It deſtroys the tender maiden's peace for ever, by blaſting her faithful lover with a murderer's name.—Thus does it rob ſociety of its growing ornaments, and deſtroys the faireſt proſpects of virtue for ever.—Honour?--'Tis a defolating principle.—Reaſon deteſts, but dare not oppoſe it:—for ſo great is its power, that all the crowds of divines, wits, and philoſophers, have not been able to reaſon, preach, or, which is the moſt likely method, to laugh it out of the world.

GRATITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

—GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, muſt neceſſarily, from having ſo noble an origin, ſo divine a deſcent, be a perfect virtue.

I ſhall not, for my part, ſays *Multifarius Secundus*, heſitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; eſpecially as the Omnipotent himſelf requires no other at our hands;—this alone affording all the others neceſſary for ſalvation.

Even

Even the Pagans held this virtue in ſuch high eſteem, that in honour of it they imaged three Divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they diſtinguiſhed by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphroſyne*. Theſe three Goddeſſes preſided over Gratitude, judging that one alone was not ſufficient to do honour to ſo rare a virtue. It is to be obſerved, that the poets have repreſented them naked, in order to point out, that in caſes of beneficence and acknowledgment we ſhould act with the utmoſt ſincerity, and without the leaſt diſguiſe. They were depicted Veſtals, and in the bloom of youth, to inculcate, that good offices ſhould ever be remembered

membered in their moſt verdant freſhneſs; that our gratitude ought never to ſlacken or ſink under the weight of time; and that it behoves us to ſearch for every poſſible occaſion to teſtify our ſenſibility of benefits received. They were repreſented with a ſoft and ſmiling mien, to ſignify the joy we ſhould feel when we can expreſs our ſenſe of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments ſhould be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were deſcribed as holding each other by the hand, to inſtruct us that obligations and gratitude ſhould be inſeparable.

Theſe are among the many good inſtructions which the Pagans have left behind them; and Chriſtians who boaſt of ſuperior doctrines, would do well to ſhew ſuperior virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate ſtranger was lamenting the deſtruction of his friend, he forgot his own ſafety. — Perceiving ſome horſemen at a diſtance, and conjecturing, that having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might perhaps be coming in ſearch of the combatants, I entreated him to get into my chaiſe, which ſhould carry him with all poſſible ſpeed to Paris, where he could either conceal himſelf till the affair was ſettled in his favour, or eſcape to any part of Europe.

My remonſtrances had their proper effect, and with little farther intreaty I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal ſpot, I obſerved the moiſture of his eyes diminiſhed, his boſom throbbed with leſs energy, and his whole frame became more tranquil. We had not yet broke ſilence ſince we had been in the chaiſe. However, it was not long before I diſcovered, as I thought, a diſpoſition in him to make me acquainted with the cauſe of his misfortune.—I encouraged him, therefore, in the tendereſt manner to open his heart to me—and he ſoon began as follows:

THE STORY.

"I AM, ſaid he, the ſon of a member of the Parliament of Languedoc. Having finiſhed my ſtudies, I went to reſide for ſome months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman ſomewhat younger than myſelf, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a conſiderable fortune; and who had been ſent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to eſtrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who ſeemed too much to have engroſſed his attention.

" He revealed to me his paſſion for this young Lady, who, he ſaid, had made ſo great an impreſſion on him, that it was not in the power of time or abſence to obliterate her dear image from his boſom. They kept up a conſtant correſpondence by letters: thoſe from her ſeemed to breathe a language of the pureſt affection. He conſulted me how he ſhould act, and I adviſed him always to the beſt of my judgment. Indeed, I ſoon diſcovered, how vain and unprofitable a buſineſs it would be to uſe any endeavours to diſſuade him from the indulgence of a paſſion ſo deeply rooted as his appeared to be.—Beſides, the beauty and charms of the Lady who was the object of

it,

it, according to his warm and feeling deſcription of them, ſeemed to juſtify the violence of his affection. I therefore applauded his choice; and as our ſentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur, when placed in competition with happineſs, we conſidered the tyranny of parents in compelling their children to marry againſt their inclinations, as the greateſt of all temporal evils.

" About this time I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was ſomething very poſitive in the command, without any reaſon being aſſigned, I was apprehenſive that ſome of my

little gallantries, which you know are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myſelf for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential aſpect. I had, indeed, the more reaſon for this gloomineſs, as my laſt remittance, which was to have ſerved me three months, was exhauſted at the end of the firſt, and there was no poſſibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occaſion; and preſenting me with a ſmall box, which he begged I would keep for his ſake, I found in it a draft upon a banker for a larger ſum than was neceſſary for the expences of my journey.

" As

"As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as ſhe reſided in my father's neighbourhood, and alſo his picture, which had been executed by one of the moſt celebrated artiſts in Paris, and was richly ſet with brilliants for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL's RETURN.

"IT was with the greateſt reluctance I left Paris, and its various amuſements; but they did not affect me nearly ſo much as the loſs of my friend's company, as we had lived like brothers together. Every ſtage brought me nearer, as I thought, to an angry parent—and I prepared myſelf to receive the ſeverity of parental reproach with the humility and reſpect due from a ſon (a prodigal ſon) to his father.

"But how great was my ſurprize, when, running to meet me at the gate with a countenance full of

of joy, he exclaimed, "My ſon, "this mark of your ready obedience "endears you ſtill more to me, and "renders you worthy the good for-"tune that awaits you." I was ſo much aſtoniſhed at the unexpected kindneſs he ſhewed me, that I could with difficulty find words to expreſs my acknowledgments; — and my ſilence beſt teſtified my wonder at what this good fortune could be, which ſo nearly awaited me.—My father ſeeing my embarraſſment,— "Walk in, ſaid he, and that my-"ſtery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young Lady; and as he preſented me to the latter,

he

he ſaid, "This Lady, Sir, is to be "your wife."

"There was an honeſt ſincerity and friendly bluntneſs in my father, very different from the fawning of court ſycophants, a ſpecies of beings he had never known.

"You can more eaſily conceive than I can expreſs the emotions of my mind upon this occaſion.—The Lady was inexpreſſibly beautiful, and poſſeſſed charms, which being now much heightened by her preſent confuſion, were more than ſufficient to inſpire a heart poſſeſſed of the leaſt ſenſibility with inſtant love.

—Mine

—Mine was made captive in a moment.

" As ſoon as I recovered myſelf from the conſternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my reſpects to the company in the beſt manner I was able, and was wiſhed joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It was impoſſible, indeed, to view ſo divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have exulted in the happineſs of my ſituation, when my father's approbation had fore-run my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

"DINNER was ſerved, when mirth and feſtivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: this I aſcribed to her modeſty and baſhfulneſs at my ſudden arrival and abrupt introduction. I took the earlieſt opportunity of being alone with her to unfold my ſentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impreſſion ſhe had made upon my heart.

"Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourſelves ſequeſtered from the reſt of the company, in

in a little grove which Nature, in her kindeſt hours, ſeemed to have deſtined for the retreat of lovers.

" Madam, ſaid I, after the decla-
" ration which has been made, and
" our happy introduction, with the
" conſent of both our fathers, I
" flatter myſelf I ſhall not offend
" you, when I tell you, that there
" is nothing wanting to complete
" my felicity, and make me the
" happieſt of beings, but your tel-
" ling me that the alliance which
" is going to take place, is as agree-
" able to you as it ſeems to every
" one elſe. Oh! tell me, that I
" am not forced upon you: — ſay,
" at leaſt, I may hope to enjoy
" ſome ſmall ſhare in your affections;

" —for

" —for the moſt earneſt aſſiduity
" in deſerving them ſhall be the
" buſineſs of my whole life."

" Sir, replied ſhe, there is a no-
" ble candour in your countenance,
" which muſt abhor deception.
" Were I to tell you I could ever
" love you, I ſhould be guilty of the
" greateſt deception. It is impoſ-
" ſible."

" What do I hear?—Impoſſible to
" love me!"—" Yes, ſir, replied ſhe,
" it is impoſſible."—" Alas, madam,
" am I to be exalted into happineſs
" for no other purpoſe but to be
" thrown headlong into miſery!—
" What! in one hour am I to know
" the

" the extremes of joy and ſorrow!—
" Believe me, Lady, I do not ap-
" peal to the command of a parent,
" however favourable to my wiſhes,
" but to yourſelf.—And here I moſt
" earneſtly intreat you, that how-
" ever averſe you may now be to
" me, you will not forbid my en-
" deavours to deſerve you. ——
" The time may come, perhaps,
" when you will not be inſenſible to
" my conſtancy and affection."

" No, villain!" exclaimed a voice from behind us, " that time ſhall
" never come! — Thou ſhalt this
" inſtant receive the reward of thy
" treachery."

" On looking round, — what tongue can tell my aſtoniſhment, when I beheld my friend, my much-loved friend, ruſhing thro' the thicket with his ſword drawn, and coming furiouſly upon me !

" The Lady fainting, he ſheathed his ſword to aſſiſt her. When ſhe was carried into the houſe, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magic he could be at my father's houſe when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on towards the foreſt, he thus explained himſelf:

" Sir, your treachery to me I was " acquainted with a few hours after " your

" your departure from Paris; and
" tho' you thought proper to con-
" ceal the ſubject of your journey
" from me, the whole city echoed
" with your nuptials before night.
" I accordingly ſet out poſt directly,
" and, as you find, have come in
" time to prevent your union with
" Angelica."

" Angelica! ſaid I.——Heaven
" knows how unjuſtly you accuſe
" me:—I was ignorant that this was
" Angelica."

" Childiſh evaſion! ſaid he: This
" may impoſe on fools and drivel-
" lers, but I muſt have other ſatis-

 " faction.

" faction.—Have you delivered my
" letter and picture?"

" No;—it was impoſſible."

" Villain, villain! — No, — you
" thought it more prudent to recom-
" mend your own ſuit.—I heard every
" word that paſſed, and therefore it
" is needleſs to add to your guilt by
" the violation of truth."

" In vain did I expoſtulate with him to prove my innocence. — In vain did I promiſe to give up all my pretenſions to Angelica, and travel to the moſt diſtant parts of the world to forget her — He was inexorable. — It was impoſſible for me to convince

vince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or that I had not known it was Angelica to whom I propoſed paying my addreſſes. In a word, we reached the ſpot where you found us, when, with the greateſt reluctance, I drew to defend myſelf, after being branded with the repeated epithets of Daſtardly Coward, and Infamous Poltroon.—You know the reſt."

Here a ſhower of tears, and many a bitter ſigh, concluded the mournful ſtory.

THE INN.

THIS affecting ſtory had preyed ſo much upon my ſpirits, and I had entered ſo deeply into the circumſtances of it, that I was very glad to ſee a little inn on the ſide of the road, which ſeemed to invite us to enter and take ſome refreſhment.

The hoſteſs, who welcomed us ſoon after we entered, was a comely, well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young, or, as the French expreſs it, *d'un certain age*;—which by the way is a very uncertain method of determining it: I ſhall therefore claſs her about thirty-eight.

A Cor-

A Cordelier was taking his leave of her, and there was reaſon to judge, from the ſanctity with which ſhe eyed him, ſhe had been at confeſſion. Her handkerchief was ſomewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; the center of her cap was alſo not directly upon the center of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervour of her devotion, and the hurry in which ſhe was called to ſalute her new gueſts.

We called for a bottle of Champagne, when ſhe told me, "She had "ſome of the beſt in all France: "That ſhe perceived I was an En-"gliſhman; and though the two na-"tions were at war, ſhe would al-

" ways do juſtice to individuals, and
" muſt own that *My Lords Anglois*
" were the moſt generous *Seigneurs*
" in Europe; that ſhe ſhould there-
" fore think herſelf guilty of much
" injuſtice, if ſhe were to offer an
" Engliſhman a glaſs of wine which
" was not fit for the *Grand Mo-*
" *narque.*"

There was no diſputing with a female upon ſo delicate a ſubject: beſides, I never was leſs diſpoſed in my whole life to wrangle or diſpute about any thing, much leſs about the worſt bottle of Champagne I ever taſted. — Indeed, if the generality of mankind were in my preſent humour, which, for the ſake

of

of the world, I moſt ſincerely wiſh to be the caſe—how few diſcontented faces ſhould we ſee, and how few hard joſtlings we ſhould meet with, as we travelled along!—From what cauſe it proceeds, I am not anxious to know; but ſure I am, that it is contrary to my nature to diſpute about any thing.—I look into the world, and ſee much to pity, and much to pray for; but ſcarce any thing which deſerves the trouble, and, I may add, the danger of a ſerious competition.

On our arrival at Paris, I ſet down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Gueniguad*, where he propoſed diſguiſing himſelf in the habit

bit of an Abbé; a character the leaſt taken notice of in that city, except they are profeſſed wits, or determined critics. He promiſed to meet me at the *Caffé Anglois*, over-againſt the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might ſup together, and deliberate on the ſteps neceſſary to be taken for his ſecurity. It was now five, ſo that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting; how, then, could I better employ my time than in a ſhort (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands?*

In the firſt place, no woman in the whole city was better informed where lodgings were to be lett; her

ſhop

ſhop was a kind of *bureau d'adreſſe* for empty hotels. This, indeed, I did not know, when I entered it: —but why ſhould the circumſtance be leſs in my favour, becauſe I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the ſecond place, no female had more early intelligence with reſpect to the news of the day, and it was neceſſary I ſhould know if my friend's affair had yet reached the capital: but this I was to learn with caution and addreſs; it was, therefore, neceſſary we ſhould retire into the Back-ſhop.

THE TILT OF ARMS. PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS — thy emblem is a ſhip; — yet thy Seine is not navigable. — Take London's croſs (you may drop the bloody dagger in the Streights of Dover and Calais, to cleanſe its ſanguinary blade) and with it emblazon *Notre Dame*; whilſt thy ſhip ſails with the tide up the Thames, and caſts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred ſtreets—I mean lanes—of this capital of the world — (for who can diſpute

diſpute a Pariſian's word, who never has ventured beyond the gates?)—I ſay, in which ſhall I take up my lodging? But ſoftly:—There lives my beautiful *Marchande de Gands* with her ſilken eye-laſhes! There ſhe is at the door!—The nets of love fabled by poets are ſurely realized by them. — " *Madame, la fortune m'a* " *jetté encore une fois dans vôtre quar-* " *tier ſans y penſer.* — *Comment ſe* " *porte, madame?*" — " *A merveille,* " *monſieur;—charmée de vous voir.*"

What urbanity in a ſtranger! — what a polite language!—and how happily expreſſed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK-SHOP.

WE had not made this retreat many minutes, before my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the news of the day. I was preſently informed of every freſh connection between the opera-dancers, *les filles d'honneur*, & *les filles de joye*, *avec My Lords Anglois*, *les Barons Allemands*, & *les Marquis Italiens*. From the rapidity with which ſhe diſpatched theſe connections, had ſucked in more ſcandal in the ſpace of ten minutes, than would have furniſhed a modern Atalantis-writer with memoirs for a couple of volumes. "But, ſaid ſhe, *àpropos*:—have you

"ſeen

" ſeen any of our new manufacture
" of gloves?"—" What are they?"
I aſked.—Upon which ſhe took down
a band-box, and produced a very cu-
rious collection. " Theſe, ſaid ſhe,
" are *les gands d'amour:* they were
" invented *par Mr. le Duc de* ——.
" The cauſe was ſingular, and worth
" mentioning. *Madame La Ducheſſe*
" had for her cicisbeo a Scotch offi-
" cer, who had ſome eruptions of a
" particular kind.—You know, ſir,
" that it is the misfortune of that
" nation to have a diſorder peculiar
" to themſelves, as well as we:—all
" countries have their misfortunes.
" Madame's valet-de-chambre told
" his maſter in confidence, that he
" was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine* had
" com-

" communicated ſomething to her
" ladyſhip that he did not dare men-
" tion.—*Qui eſt ce que c'eſt?* What is
" it, ſaid the duke.—*Ce n'eſt pas la*
" *gale?* It is not the itch? The va-
" let ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and
" the ducheſs entered. *La politeſſe*
" would not allow the duke to pro-
" ceed upon an eclairciſſement with
" his lady; he therefore ſet about
" divining a means to avoid the in-
" fection. He had heard of an Eng-
" liſh colonel who had hit upon a
" lucky expedient, in a caſe not un-
" ſimilar; but his name, which the
" manufacture bore, was ſo barba-
" rous, that it could never be pro-
" nounced with decency; he there-
" fore called his device *les gands*
" *d'amour*,

" *d'amour*, and now they are in great " eſteem throughout Paris. But I " ſhould have informed you the " ducheſs was never inoculated, and " that ſhe died of the ſmall-pox a few " months after. Her phyſicians, it " is ſaid, miſtook her diſorder; and " having never been in your country, " they forgot that *la gale*, or any " other diſorder, whether cutaneous " or not, might be tranſplanted hi- " ther. I hope," continued ſhe, caſting a moſt amorous leer through her beautiful eye-laſhes, which penetrated farther than I thought it poſſible for a ſingle look to perforate, " that you'll be a cuſtomer! — " You'll certainly wear them when

"they are ſo univerſally the "faſhion."

Saying this, ſhe produced ſome of various ſizes and patterns; but I objected to moſt of them, as being too large for my hand. At length ſhe produced a pair which I thought were near the mark: "I'll try them "on, ſir;—but your hand muſt be "very ſmall to fit theſe."—"It is "rather warm now, madam; ſo that "I believe you may try a ſize larger." She placed herſelf on my ſide, and with both her hands had almoſt effected the deſign, when her huſband paſſed through the parlour; who, nodding his head as he paſſed, ſaid, "*Faites—faites—ne bougez pas.*"

THE EFFECT

I Know not how to account for it; but I always found ſomething of a tremor come over me, when I was detected by a lady's huſband in private converſation with her, tho' in the moſt innocent attitude.—— That our's was the moſt innocent in the world at this time, cannot poſſibly be controverted: — beſides, it was a matter of buſineſs. Who could blame a female vender of gloves for trying them on in the Back-ſhop.

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme*

had almoſt rendered the gloves uſeleſs. — My hand ſhook ſo (by what kind of ſympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office: — it ſlipt through the glove, and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon Dieu!* "ſaid ſhe; *qui eſt ce que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety,——"*Ma foi, madame, je* "*n'ai rien.*" "You are ill, ſir— "take a drop of *liqueur*;" which ſhe immediately produced from an adjoining cloſet. The cordial was of ſome efficacy; but not ſufficient to remove the perturbation of my ſpirits, occaſioned ſolely by the entrance of the huſband: ſo that I had not reſolution ſufficient to undergo a ſecond trial of the gloves from

from her fair hand; but I deſired her to put up a couple of pair of the ſmaller ſize. She aſked me what colour.—I replied, black.—"*Com-*" *ment*, ſaid ſhe, *avec des rubans noirs*, "*ſans êtr en deuil.*" But I cleared up this, by telling her a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gands d'amour*) of a gay colour.

The ſubject of my firſt entrance into this lady's ſhop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the hoſt.—But the truth is, I had taken my meaſures in the fore-ſhop before our retreat: I mean, I had ſecured a lodging; and as to

the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the compaſs of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myſelf, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candour of my former critics, that the laſt chapter will be ſubpœna'd againſt me, in the monthly Trials of Authors *without jury*; and that I ſhall be pronounced by that Bench of Judges, ſuch as they are, guilty of high treaſon againſt the *Laws* of Decency, for penning the ſame, though there is not therein a daſh, ſtar or aſteriſk, which, in my work, have conſtantly alarmed their virtue. But as I ſhall be among my Peers, I enter the following Proteſt:

" I DO not agree to the ſaid Re-
" ſolution, becauſe I am thoroughly
" convinced they do not under-
" ſtand the ſaid Chapter; and be-
" cauſe, without they enter into a
" complete explanation thereof, I
" muſt be of opinion, that it is
" above their comprehenſion.

YORICK."

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

HAVING taken leave of my beautiful *Marchande*, I ſtroiled from ſtreet to ſtreet as errant Chance directed me; till turning the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying *hiſt, hiſt, hiſt!*

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me. "Heavens! ſaid I, "what can this mean? — He is "taken up by the *Marechauſſée*, "or the *Chaſſeurs*, and is conduct-"ing to the *Chatelet* or *Bicêtre*."—

Not

Not ſo: his honeſt landlord having given him intelligence that theſe gentry were in ſearch of him, and adviſed him to make a ſpeedy retreat to avoid the conſequences, he was ſetting out for Flanders, to get beyond the limits of their juriſdiction.

This event at once occaſioned in me the different ſenſations of pleaſure and pain. — I was really concerned that this unfortunate young man was thus harraſſed for an event which he would have uſed his utmoſt endeavours to have prevented—and I was rejoiced to think, that in a few hours he would have paſſed the frontiers of France, and be out of the reach of French juſtice.

Money

Money being the grand agent in all the little buſineſſes of life, I think it a pity that a ſingle two-pence ſhould lie clinking idly in my pocket, provided any other honeſt man could make a better uſe of it (and that theſe are the unpolluted ſentiments of my heart, witneſs that Heaven which knows it! — witneſs alſo my *Poverty!*). I thought it my duty to hint to him, in taking my leave of him, after a very tender ſcene, that ſo precipitate a departure and ſo long a journey might exhauſt his finances ſooner than he expected; and that as money was the ſinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purſe, I would call upon him,

him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimburſement.

Had I gone through Flanders, an object of this kind would not in the leaſt have engaged my attention.

He replied, that he had a ſufficient ſum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Thou knoweſt, Eugenius, my feelings upon this occaſion. I did not dare preſs him, for fear of offending a delicacy of which I myſelf was too ſuſceptible. — We took

an

an affectionate leave of each other, expreſſing our mutual wiſhes for each other's welfare.—"In this or a better "world," ſaid I — and I was going to add, "We ſhall meet again," but the coach drove haſtily away.

THE CONSUMMATION.

IN this gloomy mood I went to my lodgings, and lounged three hours in the arm-chair, out of humour with every body, and with every thing. I tried to write, but it would not do—my pen was out of humour as well as myſelf.—I pared my nails—called for ſupper—eat none—quarrelled with the landlord—curſed his wine — called La Fleur an aſs — broke a glaſs—and went to bed.

Neither would this do.—When theſe fits take hold of us, Philoſophy has no power over them.—I tumbled the whole night from ſide to ſide of

the bed, without reſt or ſleep. My ideas were too ſcattered and eccentric to be compoſed at home—I'll go, therefore abroad, ſaid I, and try what that can do—I ſhall compoſe myſelf as I go along. So getting up, I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is ſtrange that paſſions, which are the gales of life, and under a certain ſubordination the only incentives to action, ſhould at the ſame time create all our miſery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge Mankind on Heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes, the crimes of Providence?
Blind, who themſelves their miſeries create,
And periſh by their folly, not their fate!

Juſt

Juſt as I had uttered theſe lines, (which by the bye would have been more ſonorous, and of courſe more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer) I perceived an inſcription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NÔCES ICI.

Whilſt I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with ſome very pleaſing muſic, which was playing to a ſett of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to ſtop, and enquired whether I might not *faire nôces ici.*

I can-

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris to be ſo equally inanimate, that it is the ſame expence to draw upon and run thro' the one, as the other; and alſo, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boaſted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outſide of the walls, than withinſide of the houſes.

L'ON FAIT NÔCES ICI.

"*J'en ſuis bien aiſe*, ſaid I; it ſuits "the gloomy habit of my ſoul, and "love alone can remove it."

When the *Cocher* had brought the maſter of the houſe to the door, and informed him that an Engliſh gentleman propoſed to *faire nôces*,—the queſtion he put was how many *ſoupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricaſſées*, and how much *muſic*?

To which I replied, None.

Monſieur l'Hôte ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid, "*Pauvre monſieur Anglois, il eſt gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is ſtipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very ſerious affair, and might be attended with very ſerious conſequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a ſcience of themſelves, and are as uſeful a kind of knowledge as Quadrille or Piquet. Having made ſome ſhort ſtudy of theſe matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peſte*, and *f——e* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jaques*, before I perceived a party of the *Guêt* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilſt ſhe was weeping with great bitterneſs, and imploring their mercy.—Mercy! thou divine attribute, eſtranged from the brutal breaſts of ſuch violators of humanity!

As my coach paſſed, ſhe gave me a look that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my coachman to turn immediately, and follow the carriage in which the young woman was ſecured.

It being now near ſeven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commiſſaire*. When they ſtopt, I felt a ſecret ſatisfaction on finding the houſe belonged to Monſieur De L——, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilſt I was uſhered into the cloſet of the *Commiſſaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon burſt of grief, ſhe wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I preſently diſcovered the features (though much bloated with crying) of my pretty

little *fille-de-chambre* whom I firſt met with her *égaremens de cœur*. "Heavens! ſaid I, is this poſſible! "Do not my eyes deceive me? No— "it is ſhe."—My heart was involuntarily engaged in her favour; "and if Mr. De L—, ſaid I to myſelf, hath the leaſt ſuſceptibility of ſentiment in his, this unfortunate young woman ſhall not fall a ſacrifice to—"

Juſt as I had come to this reſolution, the *Commiſſaire* entered; and after many compliments and ſome profeſſions of friendſhip, I ſeized upon the opportunity of telling him, he had it now in his power to convince me of the ſincerity of his aſſertions. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this he replied, "it would be impoſſible to afford the young woman any relief till he had heard the allegations againſt her; but that if there was a poſſibility of mitigating her puniſhment, without loſing ſight of juſtice, he would certainly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive ſhe gathered ſome confidence from my preſence, there was ſo much innocence and unaffected ſimplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commiſſaire* ſeemed ſomewhat prepoſſeſſed in her favour.

The *Guêt* alledged againſt her, that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighbourhood had been diſturbed! She acknowledged there had been ſome diſturbance, but ſaid it was owing to her not admitting ſome troubleſome viſitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady who had before her thoſe lodgings. The air of truth with which ſhe delivered this, made the *Commiſſaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guêt*, "he was liable to be puniſhed, for forcing the lady out of her apartments upon ſuch a pretence; that the moſt virtuous women in Paris were liable to the ſame inconvenience from troubleſome

troubleſome viſitors; and that if they could not prove her to be a woman of diſorderly conduct in any other reſpect, they might think the lady very merciful if ſhe forgave them, upon their aſking her pardon." This they readily conſented to, and they retired, leaving the *Commiſſaire*, their late priſoner, and myſelf.

When they were gone, the *Commiſſaire* told me, that "notwithſtanding the ſtep he had taken in her favour, he was very ſenſible ſhe was a *fille-de-joye*, her name being down upon his liſt; but that, as ſhe was a young practitioner, and the *Guêt* were as yet ignorant of her profeſſion, at the entreaty of Mr. Yorick he

he had releaſed her; but ſtrongly recommended her to avoid coming before him upon that or any other occaſion."

I was greatly ſurprized to find ſhe was actually upon the *Commiſſaire*'s liſt, and my curioſity was much excited to know her ſtory. We retired, after paying Mr. De L— all the compliments to which he was ſo juſtly entitled for his polite behaviour, and I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

AFTER ſhe had returned me repeated thanks for my kind interceſſion, I intreated her to inform me by what unfriendly accident ſhe had been reduced to that ſituation of life, in which, according to the *Commiſſaire*, ſhe was now ſo unfortunately engaged. A flood of tears prevented her immediate reply; but when they began to ſubſide, ſhe gave me the following account:

" THE day after the viſit I paid you at your Hôtel, I was ſent by Madame R——, my miſtreſs, to preſent her compliments to you, and deſire

deſire to know when you propoſed waiting on her with the letter you were entruſted with for her from Amiens, being ſurprized you had not yet tranſmitted it to her; when I was informed you had ſet out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my miſtreſs, ſhe flew into a violent paſſion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purpoſely ſent for it, but when, by ſome unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She was not ſparing of her hints and conjectures that ſomething had paſſed between us of a very ſingular nature; and went ſo far as to ſay,

it

it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were ſo differently engaged. Such an accuſation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me, and I believe drew from me an anſwer, which ſo much diſguſted her as to order me immediately to quit her ſervice. This ſudden diſcharge greatly confuſed me; and as I had no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who uſed to ſerve madame R——, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety, and told me to make myſelf quite eaſy, as ſhe at that time wanted a workwoman, and we ſhould not diſagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my cloaths to her houſe, and from this inſtant was conſidered as one of the family.

" My province was, in the fore-noon to carry home the goods. As ſhe worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, ſhe always cautioned me to dreſs myſelf to the beſt advantage upon theſe occaſions, as ſhe ſaid the men always paid the moſt generouſly, when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She alſo recommended me to be very complaiſant, and never to contradict them; " And, continued ſhe, I do " not know a more comely *fille* in " all the *Rue St. Honoré*, or any that " is more likely to make her for-" tune, if ſhe minds her hits. For, " added ſhe, there are but three fe-" male profeſſions in Paris which " promiſe promotion: Theſe are,

" opera-

" opera-dancers, pretty bar-keepers " *aux caffés*, and milleners; but we " have the advantage, being con- " ſidered as the moſt modeſt, and " the leaſt expoſed in public."

" Though I was not poſſeſſed of any great portion of vanity, I could not help being pleaſed to find that my miſtreſs thought I had ſome claim to make my fortune; and as I had been a *fille-de-chambre* near four years without one tolerable offer being made me, except it was from a *maître perruquier*, in *Rue Guenigaud*, I began to think, that the loſs of madame R—'s place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to enquire whether the *maître perruquier* had propoſed honourable terms; and if ſo, whether it was pride, or perſonal diſtaſte to him, which had made her refuſe his offer.

To this ſhe very ingenuouſly replied, "that the terms he offered were nothing leſs than marriage; that he was conſidered as a man of opulence, and ſhe thought him a very good match; that as to perſon, he was remarkably handſome, having been *valet-de-chambre* to *La Ducheſſe de L——*, and obliged to quit that lady's ſervice, on account of a diſcovery made by *Monſieur le Duc*,

Duc, who had been for ſome time before jealous of him; but that, upon his diſmiſſion, his good lady, as an acknowledgement of paſt ſervices, had given him a ſum of money to ſet hm up as a maſter *perruquier*."

She had proceeded thus far in her narration, when ſhe was interrupted by the cries of the neighbourhood, and the alarm of fire.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, and accidents of civil life, the greateſt is that of ſudden fire.—Its effects are ſo rapid and aſtoniſhing, that they not only frequently deprive numbers of all their property, and reduce them to a ſtate of beggary, but often diſpoſſeſs them of their reaſon, at leaſt for the time, and render them incapable of affording themſelves that aſſiſtance which they might otherwiſe have obtained.

At this inſtant all theſe horrors preſented themſelves to our view:—

the

the whole range of houſes oppoſite to us ſeemed entirely ſurrounded by flames. Outcries, ſhrieks, confuſion and tumult at once aſſailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of your ſympathetic heart upon this occaſion!—Might I judge by thoſe of mine, they would have been too pungent for reaſon and philoſophy to temper with prudence. I ruſhed into the midſt of the populace, and was giving all the aſſiſtance that my feeble frame could permit—exerted far beyond its natural ſtrength—when perceiving at a two-pair-of-ſtairs window a female almoſt naked, juſt riſen

from bed, tearing her hair in the utmoſt diſtraction, and imploring the mercy of Heaven,—I flew to her aſſiſtance, and, tho' the floor on which ſhe lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I iſſued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other reſtoratives, but alſo cloaths to cover her; for at the time I conducted her thither, ſhe had no other apparel than her ſhift. Her diſtreſſes had, however, made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on her, that ſhame, which at another time under ſuch circumſtances would have overwhelmed her with bluſhes, crimſoned not her cheek, but left the pallid hue of the lily to

prevail

prevail — alas! too powerfully;— nature ſunk beneath the oppreſſion of calamity.—I ran for ſome drops, and by a ſpeedy application reſtored her to life and to herſelf.

" Good Heavens!—where am I?
" —What is become of me?——
" Yours are ſtrange faces, and I
" do not know them. —— Do I
" dream?—or am I really eſcaped
" from thoſe dangers which yet
" fill me with horror, and make
" me tremble?—Do, ſir, I beſeech
" you, tell me who you are, and
" by what means I was brought
" to this place.—Where am I, and
" under whoſe protection?— O
" gracious Heaven! — where are
" my——"

Having ſaid this, ſhe fell again into a ſwoon; and this relapſe ſeemed more dangerous than her firſt attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelic countenance, which indeed reſembled the picture of a heavenly reſident, and ſeemed then with a moſt benignant ſmile to be taking a flight to the manſions of her celeſtial abode. But this was no time for ſuch divine meditations; her earthly part ſtill required our aſſiſtance.

After having again ſomewhat recovered her, I thought it adviſeable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greateſt care of her. This

ſhe

ſhe promiſed, and I found afterwards, moſt religiouſly fulfilled. Having taken my leave for the preſent, I returned to try what farther aid I might afford to the unhappy ſufferers in this dreadful conflagration.

THE CASQUET.

NOW whether it was the ſanctity of my appearance that gained me the confidence of the ſufferers, or that ſome of them remarked the uncommon anxiety painted in my countenance for their unhappy fate; or whether it was, that my ſtars have decreed me *to be always ſingularized from the reſt of mankind*, I know not; but I was called to from an upper window, and deſired to hold my hat, into which was immediately thrown a ſmall caſquet; when I retired, in order to return it to the proprietor after the confuſion occaſioned by the preſent calamity was over. I carefully

carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain ſome very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impreſſion on my heart. — It was the miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had propoſed meeting at Bruſſels.—" Heavens! ſaid I, by what " accident came this picture here? " —Surely that charming woman is " not now periſhing in the flames! " —Forbid it, gracious Heaven!"

I had reſolved upon retiring to reſt after ſo many fatigues, — and had already thrown off my coat and put on my night-cap, before I had made this diſcovery: I therefore inſtantly

ſtantly quitted my apartment to fly to the ſpot where I had received the caſquet, in order to obtain ſome intelligence of the proprietor, and, if poſſible, by what uncommon chance the portrait of this lady was incloſed in it.

The fire was by this time completely extinguiſhed; but the agitations of my mind were ſtill unabated. If that kind fair one——but 'tis impoſſible!——the very thought diſtracts me. — O my Eugenius, had you known my diſtreſs, how you would have pitied me! I was like one depriv'd of reaſon;— I ran I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confuſion, inſtead of finding myſelf in the *Rue St. Jaques*, I found myſelf in the *Rue Tireboudin*. — "What a name!" ſaid I. — "It "had a much worſe, ſir, ſaid my in- "former, before a great lady paſ- "ſing through it in her coach, and "aſking its name and being told it, "her delicacy was ſo ſhocked, that "from that time it has bore this "comparatively decent one."—— "*Draw your pudding* might, in En- "gland, ſavour of a proper atten- "tion to baking and a Sunday's "deſſert--Oh the roaſt beef of Old "Eng-

" England! —— But in a country
" where no puddings are either
" made, baked, or eaten, it ſeems
" abſurd." " Yes, ſir, but *Tire*
" *V***t* was a great deal more
" ſhocking; and that was its primi-
" tive name."

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ENQUIRY.

AT length I reached the ſpot where the calamity had happened. Amidſt the general confuſion that ſtill prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had loſt a caſquet of jewels;—adding, that upon giving a proper deſcription of them, they ſhould be reſtored. But no perſon would claim them. I then inquired if a lady reſembling the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this reſearch was as ineffectual as the former. No ſuch lady was known in the neighbourhood.

hood. I could not point out the houſe from the window of which they were thrown; for the walls were all levelled, and it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh one houſe from another.

In this perplexity I went to my acquaintance Mademoiſelle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hitherto diſtinguiſhed only by being *fille-de-chambre* to madame R——). I acquainted her with the accident, and my diſtreſs at not being able to diſcover the proprietor of the caſquet, and the ſituation of the dear original of the miniature.

But

But how great was my aſtoniſhment, on being informed that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiſelle Laborde's lodging had, as ſoon as ſhe recovered from her terror and aſtoniſhment, expreſſed the greateſt concern at the loſs of a ſimilar caſquet.

THE DEFINITION.

I Was ruminating upon the abſurdity of the name of that ſtreet which formerly bore a ſtill more abſurd appellation, whilſt I unfolded half a dozen pair of ſilk ſtockings, which I had juſt purchaſed, and which were wrapt up in an old manuſcript that ſeemed of very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required ſome reparations to make it legible. I had at firſt conceived the thought of tran-

tranſcribing it; but recollecting it would coſt me little more trouble to tranſlate it, I ſet about it, and produced the following Engliſh tranſlation.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT.

" JEAN François de Vancourt of Franche Compté, by his marriage-articles with Marie Louiſe Anne de Rochecoton, of Champagne, doth agree, that conſidering the diſparity of their years, he being now in his eighty-third, and ſhe in her ſixteenth, and alſo the warmth of her conſtitution, and the amorouſneſs of her complexion, to allow unto the Vicar of the ſaid pariſh all the rights of *cuiſage* and *jambage*, in their full extent, agreeable to the juſt claims of the holy

holy church; and moreover, doth permit him to continue the ſame, in his abſence, during the natural life of him the ſaid Jean François de Vancourt. Provided, neverthelefs, that the ſaid Vicar, upon the return of the ſaid Jean François, ſhould, after the ſaid Jean François had pronounced in an audible voice, at the door of the bed-chamber, *Tire V—t*, three times, withdraw himſelf therefrom, and leave the ſaid Jean François in the full poſſeſſion of Marie Louiſe Anne, his ſaid wife, any thing notwithſtanding to the contrary that may herein be contained.

—Provided always, on the *part* of the ſaid Marie Louiſe Anne, that ſhe hath a negative voice in favour of the Curate, when the ſaid Vicar ſhall be above the age of thirty-five, or otherwiſe in her opinion diſqualified for the rights of *cuiſage* and *jambage*, in their full extent; he the ſaid Curate, in caſe of ſuch election on her part, ſubmitting to the ſame proviſo, in favour of the ſaid Jean François, upon his pronouncing in an audible voice, at the ſaid chamber-door, *Tire V—t* three times."

Having tranſlated thus much of this Fragment, I ſhall leave the reader to make his own ſentimental reflections, after obſerving, that the

good

good queen who ordered the name to be changed, ſeemed to diſplay more knowledge than delicacy :—— but it muſt be obſerved in her favour, that according to the Salique law, a queen of France never wields the ſcepter in her widowhood, and is therefore glad of every opportunity of diſplaying her authority during the life of her huſband.

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AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. G—— made his firſt trip to Paris, he had not ſtudied ſo much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the maſculine and the feminine in the moſt heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Verſailles, remarkable for the ſmartneſs of her repartee even at the expence of decency, the impoſitions he had met with upon the road from Calais,

Calais, on account of his being an Engliſhman, and not ſpeaking the language with the ſtricteſt propriety; and he particularized having paid a poſtillion twice, who aſked him even a third time for the money. "*Eſt-il* "*poſſible?*" ſaid ſhe. "*Oui, Ma-* "*dame, j'avois déchargé deux fois ſur* "*mon vie.—*" "*Beaucoup mieux,* "replied ſhe, *que ſur mon Con—te.*" The diviſion of the laſt word had the deſired effect, and raiſed ſuch a laugh in the gallery, that the King could not refrain aſking what they tittered at as he paſſed along.

A miſtake of the ſame kind was alſo made by Mr. S——, who, as he was employed at the Court of France

on a negociation of great importance, ſhould have known the language of the country better.—This gentleman was on a viſit to the Prince of —— in Normandy, and meeting the Princeſs, who was walking with ſome company in a gallery on a very ſultry day, he could not help exclaiming, — *Que je ſuis chaud!* — "*Eh bien, Monſieur,*" replied the Princeſs, with her uſual good-humour, "*c'eſt fort naturel pour un homme de vôtre Age.*"

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not appriſed, that Mademoiſelle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had ſaved from periſhing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiſelle, was withdrawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging, which had been provided for her; whereby I was fruſtrated in my hopes of obtaining an eclairciſſement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having, however, diſcovered the lodging to which the frighted lady was carried, I was now flattered with the

the pleaſing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this ſtory, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was inſtrumental in aſſiſting, the identical original herſelf. But to prevent any ſuch erroneous concluſions, I ſhall here inform him, that any ſuch anticipation is a groundleſs miſtake. Though there was a general reſemblance in their features, their height and ſhape were very different.

I waited upon her with the caſket, at the ſight of which ſhe expreſſed great ſatisfaction; and after having

more

more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her periſhing in the flames, ſhe informed me that the picture was her ſiſter's, whoſe Huſband——

"Huſband! Madam!"

Yes,—Huſband.—You ſeem ſurpriſed.

"O not at all, Madam—Excuſe me, and go on."

—Whoſe Huſband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had ſent his cloaths, with theſe jewels, and a great quantity of plate, conſigned to her care, until his arrival; but

but that unfortunately they muſt all be loſt, except the jewels I had preſerved, as ſhe had not yet received any tidings of them, nor of her own cloaths and furniture.

I condoled with her upon the occaſion, whilſt I expreſſed my ſatisfaction at having been inſtrumental in ſaving two ſuch valuable objects —herſelf, and the portrait of her amiable ſiſter.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of ſeeing her ſiſter at Calais, and that from the converſation which paſſed between us, I had reaſon to believe ſhe was not then in the married ſtate. To which the

the lady replied, "That ſhe had not been married above ſix weeks, and that her huſband was coming to Paris to compromiſe a ſuit which had been ſubſiſting between his relations and his preſent wife's; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties."

Is it not a ſtrange thing, that this unlucky head of mine is for ever thruſting itſelf into matrimonial affairs, and running foul of *Huſbands?*—But the preſent inſtance, I confeſs, particularly mortified me, and I could almoſt have wiſhed that the litigation had ſtill ſubſiſted between the parties, and ſhe had ſtill been unmarried.—But it was a baſe wiſh; — by all

all my hopes, it was uncharitable—it was unworthy my heart — it was contrary to my nature. — How it could eſcape me, I know not; for I may ſafely ſay, that in thoſe moments of my life when the little dirty intereſts of the world moſt prevailed in my mind, I cannot charge myſelf with one unfriendly deſire that laſted for a moment. — "I wiſh from my ſoul, ſaid I to myſelf, that I could drive this Remiſe door from my thoughts!"—But it was impoſſible;—and finding the converſation become very dull and gloomy, I haſtily retired.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a diſturbed boſom find repoſe, when agitated by the tender paſſion? A forſaken ſwain hath but one ſolace—another nymph more kind. My footſteps ſeemed by inſtinct to carry me to Mademoiſelle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas! ſaid I, why ſhould Nature, in her fickle moods, thus make the very center of gaiety and paſtime the ſcene of miſery!—How contradictory—how paradoxical!—But why impute it to Nature? She cannot err."

Made-

" Mademoiſelle, (ſaid I, after this " reverie) it were perhaps an unwel- " come office, to requeſt the favour " of you to continue your hiſtory, " which was ſo unexpectedly inter- " rupted by the melancholy acci- " dent during my late viſit."

" It is at beſt, ſir," replied ſhe, " but a melancholy buſineſs to tell " the tale of one's own diſgrace and " misfortunes;—but to whom can I " ſo well unfold my weakneſſes and " ſorrows, as to one who has ſo " kindly endeavoured to leſſen the " number of them; and whoſe ge- " nerous friendſhip has ſo warmly " intereſted itſelf in my protection?"

" My

"My firſt excurſion from the ſhop was to wait upon an Italian Count, ſuppoſed to be as generous as he was magnificent. His valet-de-chambre was rubbing his eyes between eleven and twelve, after waiting for his maſter's return to bed, who had not been home all night. The Count came to the door, whilſt I was conferring with his man, who informing him I had brought him ſome ruffles, I was deſired to walk up ſtairs. Innocent then of the deſign of ſuch a cuſtomer, I readily conſented. The Count juſt glanced his eye upon the ruffles, when chucking me under the chin with one hand, he thruſt his other into my boſom: this behaviour I thought ſo great

an inſult, that in my paſſion I gave him a ſlap of the face. "Oh, miſs," ſaid he, "if you give yourſelf airs, "I ſhall teach you better manners." He rang the bell, and his valet-de-chambre appeared. "Now, miſs," added he, "take your choice—fair "means or foul."—I fell upon my knees, and implored mercy;—but he was inexorable. The ruffian valet held me, whilſt he ———Oh ſpare me the bluſh of recollection!"

"That I will, my little unfortu-"nate! What a villain!—To per-"petrate a deed by violence, which "perhaps by ſolicitation he might "have

" have obtained with your con-
" ſent!"

" Oh no, ſir," ſaid ſhe, weeping
" —I never would have conſented."

" That, indeed, alters the caſe.—
" But then his generoſity—what re-
" compence did he make you?"

" Why, I was juſt going to men-
" tion.—From the character my mi-
" ſtreſs had given him, I imagined
" he could not poſſibly have pre-
" ſented me with leſs than a hundred
" louis d'ors, conſidering the diffi-
" culty he had, and the oppoſition
" I made.—I dare ſay an Engliſh

" nobleman would have thought it
" very trifling."——

" Very trifling, I can aſſure you;
" I have known an Engliſh noble-
" man pay fifty times the ſum for
" ſuch an affair, without having
" committed half ſo good a rape as
" was committed upon you."

" Why, look ye there, ſo I
" thought;—and conſidering what
" was paſt could not be recalled, I
" thought I might as well accept the
" wages of——"

" Of iniquity.—"

" Yes,

" Yes, iniquity, I think you call
" it, as go without them."

" Every whit — quite orthodox
" reaſoning."

" So I waited and ſobbed——and
" cried, and waited—expecting every
" moment a handſome recompence
" for ſuch an inſult—when at length
" he aſked me if I was a maid."—

" What an inſult after ſuch an
" attack!—But what did you reply?"

" I told him I might have had
" ſome little *egaremens de cœur*; but
" that I never had been guilty of
" ſuch a crime before."

" The guilt lay on his ſide, ac-
" cording to the opinion of all the
" caſuiſts in the world."

" There was much to be ſaid on
" both ſides, but this I kept to my-
" ſelf."

" But the recompence?"

" He ordered me to call to-mor-
" row, when he ſhould pay me for
" what ruffles he had occaſion for—
" and would make me a preſent."

" Did you call?"

" Yes, punctually."

" Was you not afraid?—"

" No—

" No—I thought he could not uſe
" me worſe than he had done:—but
" in this I was miſtaken;—for he had
" decamped the night before, with
" his valet-de-chambre, and in the
" hurry had forgot to pay his lodg-
" ing."

" Amazing!"

" Not at all:—he was a gameſter;
" and the morning I ſaw him, he
" had loſt his laſt louis d'or at the
" Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Academy! What, in the "name of wonder, aſtoniſh-"ment and learning, do they allow "in the ſeminaries of ſcience, in ſuch "a poliſhed nation, and ſuch a well "regulated metropolis as Paris, "where ſcarce an obvious vice goes "unpuniſhed; I ſay, do they allow "of gaming to a degree that can "ruin a man?"

"*Je ne vous entends pas!*"

"I do not underſtand you," ſaid Miſs Laborde.

"*Ni*

" *Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*"

" Nor I what you mean. Did " you not ſay, the Count had " loſt his money at the Aca- " demy?"

" Well, and what aſtoniſhment " can ariſe from that? Are not im- " menſe ſums loſt there every ' night?"

" And are the Police acquainted " with it?"

" It is under their immediate " protection."

" Impoſſible!"

" No-

" Nothing more certain."

" And what ſay the profeſſors?"

" The profeſſed gameſters are " very well pleaſed with it:—ſome- " times a run of ill luck may break " them, when they meet with one " as knowing as themſelves; but " this is ſuch a phenomenon, that " the Count's precipitate departure " aſtoniſhed all Paris.

" Pray explain to me the nature " of this Academy; for I believe, " after all, we are in a ſtate of ſome " miſunderſtanding concerning it. " —By an Academy I ſhould com- " prehend the ſeat of the Muſes, the

" garden

" garden of Science, and the foun-
" tain of Learning."

" No; it is neither a ſeat, a gar-
" den, nor a fountain; but a ga-
" ming-houſe licenſed by the ma-
" giſtrates, where gamblers may
" cheat with impunity if they can
" do it with dexterity, and where
" the credulous and unwary may
" be ruined, without remedy or
" relief."

" What a proſtitution of names!"

" Not at all:—*C'eſt l'Academie des*
" *Grecs*.—It is the Academy of
" Sharpers."

" If

" If cheating be a privileged
" ſcience, I acknowledge the title
" very proper :—but as it is one of
" the occult ſciences which I ſhall
" never ſtudy, I beg we may leave
" this ſeminary that you may purſue
" your narration."

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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